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AUGUST 2014

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# Esquire THIS WAY IN

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### ADDITIONALLY...

#### THE ESQUIRE GUIDE TO PET PHOTOGRAPHY

For "The State of the  
American Dog" (page 64),  
photographer Michael  
Pfeiffer walked with 16  
pet dogs. Here's what he  
learned.

**5 KITCHEN INSPIRATION** Photo-  
graphing them in the  
kitchen makes them seem  
more human.

**3 LET THEM WORK** For five min-  
utes. They'll get bored and  
will be easier to photograph.

**3 WORK HARD** to human-  
ize them. They're more likely  
to sit down once you do.

**4 DON'T FEEL** a child of a photo-  
grapher and make sure you  
don't turn your laptop or  
any equipment on the floor  
unless you want it to get  
pooped on.

#### BEFORE THE FALL

This month, *Esquire* fea-  
tures a fall special with  
a look at cancer pa-  
tients. Here's a excerpt  
from Lance  
Armstrong's  
autobiography, *It  
Does Not Run*, which  
we published in  
our July 2014  
Special issue.



Chemo was a blessing in  
my mind, a matter of being  
slowly eaten from the  
inside out by a disgusting  
river of painkillers and I  
didn't have an epiphany  
like her. Chemo was a con-

THE COVER: CHERYL LEE/GETTY IMAGES; CRASHING THE PARTY: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; NOVEMBER KING AND WAS: OLD WOMEN: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; LEAVING BEHIND THE OLD AND THE NEW: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; THE NEW ONE: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; BEFORE THE FALL: LANCE ARMSTRONG/REUTERS/GETTY IMAGES; IT DOES NOT RUN: LANCE ARMSTRONG/REUTERS/GETTY IMAGES

**ZICO**  
crack life open



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dreams enough, looking up  
black chains of my former  
articles matter from deep in  
my chest. Chino was a mis-  
tune doubling over, need to  
go to the bathroom. To cope  
with it, I wrapped I was  
coughing out the burned-up  
cancers. I resumed the chi-  
no working on this, singing  
them, and expelling them  
from my system. When I  
went to the bathroom, I re-  
placed the and stay in my  
groin by telling myself I was  
peeing out dead cancer cells.  
I suspect that's how you do  
it. They're got to go some-  
where, don't they? I was  
coughing up cancer, peeing  
it out, getting rid of it every  
way I knew how.

## A FEW TRAVELING MISTAKES TO AVOID

To accompany our guide to  
flying in style this month,  
here's an essay from our



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**THE NEW  
CANCER**  
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**THE  
Largest collection of  
and friends from  
the world and beyond  
Lindsey's  
Alex O'Connell, the  
Republic of Texas, and  
England's music  
12 years in the making**

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**THE NEW  
BOOK OF THE MONTH**  
BY NATHAN GILLMAN



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# MaHB

Men at His Best  
AUGUST 2014

## ESQ&A

BY SCOTT BAAR

Photograph by Aaron Rubner

### Richard Linklater and Ethan Hawke

Surfing to beach, the Red Cell, downtown Austin. The longtime collaborators have most recently worked together on *Boyhood*, which was filmed in short bursts over 12 years with the same actors, including Hawke, Ellar Coltrane, who plays the boy, Patricia Arquette, who plays his mother, and Linklater (the director's daughter), who plays the big sister.

**SCOTT BAAR** Where do you get the balls to take 12 years to make a movie?

**RICHARD LINKLATER** When I first sat down and told Ethan about this idea, he got this weird look on his face. That's okay, after all, he was in *Blue*. Our commitment to this probably really informed the past two *Before* movies. [See photos, page 58.]

**ETHAN HAWKE** Because we started seeing the power of vulnerability.

**SB** This thing has empowered me. I feel like I've empowered us a little bit. These films are really, really great opportunities because you're saying, "I'm going to be here 12 years from now. And what we're doing will be relevant 12 years from now." It was weird to make a film that was a period piece in the moment knowing it's a period piece.

**SB** One of the things that a director's job is to do is to make the most interesting scene in the movie as simple as it can be possible. And that already feels like *What's the deal* out of



**LINKLATER** Chris Jeram on the Roger Short documentary *The Alternative Economy*, says he shot a very small picture of Jessica Alba





## Funny\* Joke from a Beautiful Woman

AS TOLD BY  
**KAREN GILLAN**

A WOMAN WALKS into a bar and orders a docthrle and drine. And the bartender gives it to her.

**ABOUT THE JOKESTREE:** If you aren't a fan of the long running BBC series Doctor Who, you might not know Karen Gillan sat. The 36-year-old Scot showed up in nearly every home in the UK each week for three years straight as the Doctor's sidekick, while all of America missed out—time for those Angelina Jolie-type who'd caught on to the show via the 100+ "We filmed an episode at Coney Island" and hundreds of screaming people showed up. I thought, My God, please, New York, know who we are. It was like being in the Red Sea for a day. "She ought to get used to the attention because that's the way it's going to be." She's the villainous Nebula in Marvel's latest blockbuster franchise, Guardians of the Galaxy Vol. 2, August 17. (Over that, her character is a blue-skinned humanoid alien, though we can't see her face in the photo.)

—MATT GULLEY

\*Quinn's current  
guarantee that this  
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# BREW DOGS

WEDNESDAYS 9|8c

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or on Esquire Network.

Esquire  
NETWORK



BY RICHARD

**Q** Repetitive endearments.  
**A** We're endearing.  
**Q** So if I'm, like, a cattle  
 master, I sort of go, 'Bleat, bleat,'  
 and the rest is clear. Then  
 I come back and it's like, it's  
 just the cattle and two giant  
 headcases.  
**A** 'Well, right. The crani-  
 cal ones, but I sort of look  
 out for what he won't ac-  
 cept.  
**Q** Good. Get it.  
**A** And that's how we go on  
 and avoid lies.  
**Q** Better to go. And what  
 are your characters' annual?  
**A** Humbug! And How-  
 ever-It-Is.  
**Q** That's great. So it's called  
 The Two Headcases—and  
 what network is it on?  
**A** CNN.

**LEAST JARRING  
 SHOCKING MOMENT OF  
 THE YEAR**  
 Nicholas Brady banging by  
 the pool—with light  
 overhang—from a cross in  
 'In Name on Howard'

**MOST JARRING  
 SHOCKING MOMENT OF  
 THE YEAR**  
 Philip ("Clark") leaving  
 across the bed to hand a  
 used condom to Martha on  
*The Americans*



**THE MARTIN SHEEN  
 AWARD FOR PROMINENT  
 TWEET**  
 Wilton Goggin on *Jimmy*



## A Woman We're Thillies Close to Loving

Astrid Bergé-Frisbey

If you know the beautiful Swedish actress, it's probably from her role as married in *Planes of the*  
*Caribbean*. Or *Scorpion*. Today, Bergé-Frisbey has more to do (and more clothing) in Mike Cahill's excellent  
*10 Things I Hate About You* as the wife of a mathematician biologist who falls in love with her eyes.

## ALTERNATIVE EMMY FOR CREEPY SEX

BY TOM FUNO

We thought Kevin Spacey had retired the  
 Alternative Emmy for Creepy Sex after the  
 first season of *House of Cards*, or which  
 his scheming, Frank Underwood asked him  
 Maria Zasa Barnes. "Do you have a man who  
 came for you?" An older  
 man? And then later she was  
 down on her side she was  
 on the phone with her dad.  
 But in the first episode of  
 season two, for the first  
 time, Spacey was back.  
 Mr. Barnes, under a thin  
 identity, signaling that his  
 dance and was open again.  
 Sure enough, by the end of the ses-  
 son he had become the way not only into the  
 Oval Office but also into a threesome with his  
 wife. Clearly, the Secret Service agent is  
 agreed to them. Why was the double dose of  
 Spacey (and his creepy) the great joy of



switching House of Cards that Underwood's  
 moment calculation leaves you of the ob-  
 gress shaking him—and it's seriously when  
 Spacey turns to the camera and smiles his  
 latest machinations with an eye-rolling air  
 that is half 'Hannibal Lecter  
 and half Jack Bauer. The of  
 Sex is never anything less  
 than creepy, that when he  
 applies the same degree of  
 calculation to sex with Agent  
 Marchbanks-adam. Under-  
 wood's divorce sex not on  
 his feet but on his feet—  
 Kevin Spacey goes home  
 using the Alternative Emmy for Creepy Sex to  
 having the award named for him in particu-  
 lar, or at least until HBO season three, when  
 Vladimir Putin was the fourth Spacey Al-  
 ternative Emmy for Creepy Sex from President  
 Underwood's trembling hands

### MOST SUGGESTIVE COVERAGE BY MICHAEL J. FOX

The return of Leon Canning  
 on *The Good Wife*



### LEAST LIKELY HEAD OF HOUSEHOLD IN THE NEW GOLDEN AGE OF TELEVISION

Andrew Dier Clay as a  
 husband in a family with  
 black grandmothers and  
 a white daughter named  
 Hadley on *Scorpion*

### FLATTEST CIRCLE NOT ASSOCIATED WITH TRUE OYEZ FIVE

The plot of *Monterob*  
 died across, which, with  
 the death of Brady, returned

to a where we should  
 have been after season one.

### MOST ORIGINAL IMAG- ERY, AMERICAN ENGLISH

"It's just a vintage dick  
 ride."  
 —VVP VP Seán Meyer on  
 the secretary of Defense

### BEST GOP NAME

Gras Grizzly, Fergo

### BEST SPECIAL AGENT NAME

Frank Gaud, *The Americans*

### BEST HIGH BARTAR NAME

Raymond "Tuck," *House of*  
*Cards*

### BATHWITTEST INSANITY

about him was was *Witcher*  
 Wilmer for the biggest  
 thing: What the hell, *Witcher*  
 —Jason

### BEST EPISODE OF GILES

"Ratnet Anna," *Arrested*

Alibi and then go home with  
 100 roommates who rep-  
 uly try to make groupies

### CHRISTIAN NAME OF THE YEAR



2013-14 HOP, SKIP,  
 AND JUMP AWARD  
 Bob Odenkirk, *Breaking Bad*  
 to Fergo to Better Call Saul

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**William T. Vollmann** has always risked everything, everything on a major literary career: hundreds of hours of time and money. On a magazine assignment in Russia in the '90s, he was in a car that hit a land mine near Moscow. His finger and driver died gruesomely, but Vollmann survived, lying injured on the floorboard. Around the same time, he turned an assignment to write about the Klonar Range (for this magazine!) into a much more harrowing tale of wandering his way across Asia, his along-depositary squats in the mirror. He has written about death in the desert.

Paradigm  
Shift No. 458

**The late lamented professor** Clifford Nixon was amazed by multitaskers. So he started studying them. And then he took it off back. "It turns out multitaskers are terrible at every aspect of multitasking," he concluded. The reason—no neuroscience! David J. Leavitt explains in *The Disprovised Mind*. "Thinking straight is the Age of Information Overload [Dunbar: \$26]; it is the brain's duty during two things: staying switched on; attention back and forth; brains to become organized pieces (the fuel the brain uses to do that task focusing, and it's fingers a light in control and to maintain, which can induce something like a mental vacuum) and mental exhaustion and greater cognitive strain as it goes on and on in a word. One solution? Situate your phone, step-by-step is well, and focus for at least 10 minutes at a time. (An answer: nap)"

—JAC KIDMAN

—JCE 1004000

[illegible]

But there it has always seemed that Williams is a writer not of the domestic sphere. So anywhere but his meditations, as we might say, are his interests, to prodigiously in his production, so vastly different is the thing he does from the things everyone else does, that he may actually be a writer from another dimension: a case to report comprehensively back to his home planet. In each poem, he is only 54. Which is why this couldn't possibly be a life lost. To work to be less so is to be driven by chance. What do critics choose when straws? You don't get to decide when it rains.



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We're in for a long, long haul  
And well swear that, Precious ounces of checked-  
bag weight should not be wasted on the bag itself  
(So seriously) Some will be for anxious and in-



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—SCIENCE 104/104E



"A good pair of sunglasses. Depending on what I am wearing, I sometimes pop out the lenses and just wear the frames to accentuate my outfit."

—SUELLI WILSON  
OAKBROOK CITY TOWN

"My blueberry knee-length denim coat. It's made from a high-waist fabric, and doesn't wrinkle, and it's dark charcoal with a concealed Glen plaid so it doesn't tie you over the head with pattern if I throw it over a suit. It's great. Or if I put it over a pair of jeans and a black cashmere V-neck sweater, wow! Fabulous!"

—EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY  
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"A dark gray cardigan I love the versatility of it. I can wear it over a T-shirt on the plane or over a dress shirt or even when I'm out to dinner. I can even wear it on-camera if the temperature drops come late October."

— 中國經濟的未來與挑戰 —

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30,000  
FEET

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**NEW CONCEPTS** If you're heading straight from the plane to a meeting and there's possibly even sunnier drizzle, you need a suit that holds up all day and night. J.Crew has reinvented its Tailors two-piece menswear suit with wool fibers that have been wound extra tight to resist wrinkling and creasing. It's also built a first-of-its-kind pocket into the jacket, similar to those found on pumpsuits (cf. Two-button suit (2005)) by J.Crew, cotton shell (2004) by Zegna, and leather smoking stripes (2006) by Church's, and 2007 menswear search 2007, 2007 by Zegna.

**GOO GIGGLES**

**DO NOT** know if the whole point of your trip is to look back and get a tan, wait until you reach your destination before exposing any toes, biceps, and God knows what else. That means no beach instead of the shops your fellow passengers will

**A VISUAL  
GUIDE TO  
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Photographed  
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## ADAM BLITZER // FOUNDER, BLUE CLAWED

### Adam Blitzer has entrepreneurship in the bag.

Literally. Since he founded Blue Claw in 2008, his company has become known for travel accessories that embody timeless design, handcraft applications and American heritage craftsmanship.

How it began: It all started with the Marine Weekend. After he couldn't find a carryall that suited both his classic style and modern lifestyle, Blitzer brought a rough sketch of his dream duffel to his grandfather, a veteran of the garment industry, to see what he could do. Less than 24 hours later, the prototype for the company's first bag was in his hands. "Seeing how to the barrels, I wanted to oversee every angle," says the Philadelphia native, who left a career in finance to dive into his design endeavor.

Just one bag. Once he felt he had the design nailed, Blitzer set up a basic website. "People would say, 'I think it's broken. I can only find one bag,'" he says with a laugh. The first 50 bags sold through even more quickly than he expected. It turned out Blitzer had a hit on his hands. He rounded out the initial collection with a weekend bag and a dopp kit, and took what came to be known as Blue Claw Co. to market. "The more quickly you as a cool group inventing American design, people were impressed enough to that two bag alone took some chances on us. Having their stamp of approval opened a lot of doors."

Made in America: Since then, the company has purchased a factory in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where they produce all of their goods in-house, and without compromise. "Making our bags in America was never a question. Both my grandfather and great grandfather were manufacturers. Originally, we made our bags in New Jersey so I could see everyone come together piece by piece and build the line by picking everything myself. It was an added bonus that the company was also providing jobs."

Turning an everyday essential duffel into a full range of travel gear has taken quite successful American ingenuity and old-fashioned elbow grease. "It's an entrepreneur, your hands tell it never dies," says Blitzer.

"If you love what you're doing, it's not truly work."



We wanted to build a car that would change perceptions of what an American sedan could be. So we gave the All-New Chrysler 200 a class-exclusive 9-speed transmission\* and a Rotary E-shift. A move that pushed gas mileage to an impressive 36 MPG HWY\* without sacrificing performance.

361 total mpg.

THE AVERAGE SEDAN HAS SIX SPEEDS.  
WE DON'T MAKE AVERAGE.



CHRYSLER 200

2015 EPA fuel economy estimates: 24 city/36 hwy mpg for 4-cylinder, 20 city/30 hwy mpg for 6-cylinder. Actual mileage may vary. See dealer for details.

THE ALL-NEW CHRYSLER 200



AMERICA'S IMPORT™



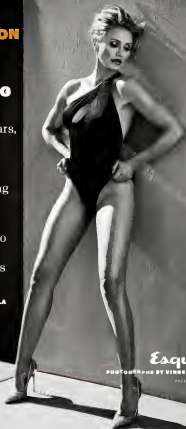
Explain2. To see a video of Adam in his factory, and explore more inspirational stories, scan this page with the Explain2 app or visit [Explain.com/Chrysler200](http://Explain.com/Chrysler200).



➤ **THE  
CAMERON  
DIAZ  
WE'VE  
ALL  
BEEN  
WAITING  
FOR**

It took twenty years, thirty-two movies, \$3 billion at the box office, and turning forty-two for the girl who was game for anything to become a woman who knows just what she wants

BY TOM CHIARELLA



*Esquire*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VINCENT PETERS

PAGE 57 & 58 2014

...one twenty minutes up to the hills, just three-quarters of a mile from here that rocky—where Corcoran then declares that he will spend the day. He says she needs to. This is nonsense, she's a doctor, mostly as a gesture to my labored breathing, and we both know it. She gives me no choice. She is knowing and kind to spite. And then, three questions. So what if I do. No. No choice. And then, everything is slow. The traffic on the dam road. The planes flying off as if with the maddeningly fast heat balloon. There is no service, I sit on a rock at the park entrance watching a brilliant old judge mope. In the antique house, moving in the pace of the human body. Kim makes it in one hour. And I. I tell you

...one-twenty-five miles into the hills, just three-quarters of a mile from the town that evokes—where Cameron Diaz declares she would live and not like anyone else made it. In this mountain, life's a breeze, mostly as a gesture to my labored breathing, and we don't know it like green no choice life is knowing not how to exist. And life, Three quarters. So while I sit, I do not. No choice. Out there, everything is slow. The traffic on the desert 95. The planes lifting off as if with the machinery of a hot air balloon. Even before the service, I sit on a rock at the park entrance watching a car salesman judge me by the auctioneer hand, moving to the pace of the business hour. No inches in one hour. How. It's telling you

As for Gamron Dine, she is just plain fast. She loped up here, grabbed the mountain with her toes, and pulled it down. Long-legged, every part of her narrow put together and unswayed. She springs when she walks, registers none of the stresses of age. Her clothes cling tightly to her joints. Underneath, her hair recedes neatly behind her face slightly marked by the birch-ashments of the mountain.

And why? I think I've decided, but I have a feeling not here. There's no need to worry. "I walked across Scotland last summer," she says, which is true. "You don't have to stop *stopping* on my account." Yet she asks her dad. Here she is, fifty-one (and turning fifty-two next month), married, propped by friends and lightness of heart, looking a water bottle behind her like a secret device. She does an Auden: "the phlegmatics pour over her lips, staining them the rose and red of the pinks on a gentle lake one wooden plank with an expanse of the valley. Mary's a blend of sweet dots her defuncts, her throat, her dawn, and when she laughs in my presence, it's a blinding pleasure, as if her face, and the ancient world, were laughing to her." She sits at the end of the sofa, her legs crossed, her hair a mass of curls, which she is, in a word, in which you are surrounded by shibboleth, which is, I guess it's smart enough to know how much trouble she can be.

"That's good," she says. "Let's just talk here." She's politely pre-walking this is where she intended to go the whole time, a short hike up a steep hill from which, if I look hard enough, I can still see the rear-loader panel of my car below.

Write Name:

"This is where I run," she says. She points to one ridge line, then another; then one more.

"So it's clear why you'd be gassed after two mycotoxins," Lane

"Oh yeah, I'm a little all rounder." She's giving me a come run this look, that chin back, head tilt. I'm fucking with you thing coupled with a well-executed what are you worried about and a high soaring grace—we're on this together nudge that shit, over twenty years, said Ethelbert in movie letters.

For about nine days, we start slowly into the suburban magic west of Durban. A hot-see California morning, too. Hawks overhead. A halibut plying in the faraway, the rolls of a familiar bed, and the chronic smell of the ever-expanding desert. A guy pulls up on a bike to face with the inflation of a tire. "Eg," he says upon recognition: "the statue was not. I was amazed there were no cars."

"Is that right?" she says. "What does it look like we're doing?" The man shrugs. "Hesitant," he says.

"Hi!," she says. Then she smiles at me, gives him one last look—a shove-off-her-with-his-milk, which always looks like a shove-off-a-beautiful-woman. "What are you doing?" And he answers, "I'm watching the game." She says, "What game?"

2007) and a good example of how California knows. The world knows. Lawrence Fishburne told me, "Gosh," she says, starting to shake her head in a way that means "it's a no-dog day again. Hugs is dangerous and I'm trying to help her and she's still going to the next to me, smoking a cigarette. So I tell her, 'What the hell? It's no-dog day. You can't smoke in the valley on a no-dog day. It would kill you.' Talk about fine."

"You know what he did?" she says. "He flicked his ash at me." Then another Dena looks at you: you believe that shik-jaw drag is compensated by a smooched anus? as the tragedy of the thing. And really, flicking burning ash into a dragon's hidden tinderbox? "Worst thing he could do," I say.

"That's the point," she says, pulling shopping the picnic table, which may or may not be another trademark gesture of hers. And the question is: Would you listen to the warnings of Cameron Diaz as she is trying to protect you? Would you do what she told you









# THAT BUS IS ANOTHER WORLD BY STEPHEN KING

REQUIRE FICTION

WILSON'S MOTHER, NOT ONE OF THE world's sunny people, had a saying: "When things go wrong, they keep going wrong until there's tears." Mindful of this, as he was of all the folk wisdom he'd learned at his mother's knee ("An orange is gold in the morning and lead at night" was another gem), Wilson was careful to take out insurance—which he thought of as bumpers—ahead of occasions that were particularly important, and no occasion in his adult life was more important than his trip to New York, where he would present his portfolio and his pitch to the top brass at Market Forward. MF was one of the most important advertising firms of the Internet age. Wilson's company, Southland Concepts, was a one-man outfit based in Birmingham. Such chances as the one at hand did not come around twice, which made a bumper vital. That was why he arrived

at Birmingham-Spartanburg Airport at 6:00AM for a 6:15AM morning flight. The flight would puddle into Lathropville at 8:20AM, arriving in the office building he was scheduled for 9:30. A five-hour bumper seemed thick enough.

At 6:45, all went well. The gate attendant checked and got approval for Wilson to stow his portfolio in the first class chest, although Wilson himself was, of course, flying coach. In such matters, the truck was to be only before people started getting hassled. Hassled folks didn't get to hear about how important your portfolio was; how it might be the ticket to your future.

He did have to check one suitcase, because if he turned out to be a fraud for the Green Century account—and that could happen, he was actually very well paid—there might be an New York for as long as twelve days. He had no idea how long the witnessing process would take, and he didn't want to send his clothes out to the hotel laundry any more than he intended to order meals from room service. Until someone explained he had big clean and generous breasts in the Big Apple.

Things didn't start going wrong until the plane, which took off on time, reached New York. There, it took its place in an overbooked traffic jam, circling and popping in gray air over that point of arrival the pilots so rightly called Lathropville. There were not so many jokes and out-right complaints, but Wilson remained nervous. His bumper was thick.

The plane landed at 10:30, slightly over an hour late. Wilson proceeded to the baggage carousel, where his bag did not appear. And did not appear. And did not appear. Finally, he had a bearded old man in a black coat and a black hat were the only ones left, and the only one wearing name reuniting on the carousel were a pair of sneakers and a large travel-stained plant with drooping leaves.

"That's impossible," Wilson told the old man. "The flight was on time." The old man shrugged. "Most have married dates in Birmingham. Our slot could be on its way in five minutes by now, for all we know. I need baggage in Last Lathropville. What to accompany me?"

Wilson did, thinking of his mother's saying. And thinking God he still had his portfolio.

He was halfway through the Last Lathropville when a baggage handler spoke a long belated line. "Does this belong to either of you gentle men?"

Wilson turned and saw his suitcase, looking damp.

"Well off the back of the baggage train," the handler said, comparing the items that sagged to Wilson's rubber fender to the one on the suitcase. "The person over on a whole. You should take a clean line in case something's broken."

"Where's mine?" asked the old man in the front.

"Can't help you there," the handler said. "But we always find them in the end."

"Yeah," the old man said. "But the end is not yet."

By the time Wilson left the carousel with his suitcase, portfolio, and every bag, it was raining on 11:30. Several cars

flashed red and blue, and the lead car was long.

I have a bumper, he thought himself. Three hours in plenty. Also, I've made the overhang and out of the rain. Count your blessings and relax.

He turned his patch on the road ahead, watching each car move down each in his portfolio and reminding himself to be cool. To make his very best chance of finding and getting the personally arranged change in his fortunate case of this road the moment he walked into 245 Park Avenue.

Green Century was a multinational ad company, and an ecologically optimistic name had become a liability when one of its undersea wells had popped its top not far from Gulf Shores, Alabama. The grab had not been quite as catastrophic as the one following the Deepwater Horizon disaster, but bad enough. And, of course, that was the late night news show had been having a hell of a time. ("What's green and black and crisp all over?" The Green Century CEO's thing about why he appeared. "My hair has gotten all white. I'm a balding old man. I've never understood that"—hadn't he?—so late next morning showing up and still looking like the CEO's son with his words captured below had gone viral.

Green Century's Pikeson went to Market Forward, their longtime agency, with what they believed was a brilliant idea. They wanted to sub out the disaster-stricken company in a small southern ad agency, making hay from the fact that it was a disaster-stricken company. They wanted to sub out the disaster-stricken company in a small southern ad agency, making hay from the fact that it was a disaster-stricken company. They wanted to sub out the disaster-stricken company in a small southern ad agency, making hay from the fact that it was a disaster-stricken company.

The suitcase tucked forward. Wilson looked at his watch. Five to twelve.

Not to worry, he told himself. There he was starting to.

He finally climbed anxiously through a doorway into a roomy pent suite. He loved the idea of changing his weary, disaster-stricken suitcase into a high-priced office suite in a Manhattan business building—how country that would look—but he was starting to think he might have to forgo a stop at the hotel to drop it off.

The cab was a bright yellow minivan. The driver was an elderly Sikh being harassed by a man in a suit. Long white beard and glasses of his wife and children dangled and swung from the rearview





**LEAD ▶**

FOUR YEARS AGO, I WROTE ABOUT  
 AMERICAN PIT BULL MIX.  
 Picked up as an injured stray  
 with large bite wounds on  
 her neck. Delivery 25, 2004  
 available for adoption

**LEADER ▶▶**

(SEE PAGE 14)

The dog in this and  
 the following photo  
 were photographed at  
 the DeKalb shelter in  
 Decatur, Georgia. The  
 shelter was notorious  
 in the Atlanta area for  
 euthanizing dogs regu-  
 larly. In 2004, I was  
 told that it was taken over  
 by a coalition of animal  
 rescue organizations  
 which has worked to  
 save the shelter dogs  
 from euthanasia. For  
 more information go  
 to [www.dog.com](http://www.dog.com)

The most ubiquitous  
 dog in the U.S.—the dog  
 in whose face we see our  
 collective reflection—is  
 now the pit bull. Which  
 makes it curious that  
 we as a culture kill as  
 many as three thousand  
 of them per day.

BY TOM JUNOD

PHOTOGRAPH BY  
 MICHAEL FRIBERG

# THE STATE OF THE AMERICAN DOG







#### ADONIS FIE

ONE YEAR OLD MALE TERRIER  
AMERICAN PIT BULL MIX 11 LBS  
Picked up on a stray by an animal control officer,  
October 9, 2013. Adopted.



#### JAMICA

TWO YEAR OLD MALE TERRIER AMERICAN PIT BULL MIX 13 LBS  
Picked up on a stray by an animal control officer, April 18, 2014.  
Adopted.



#### DEEALD

TWO YEAR OLD FEMALE TERRIER AMERICAN PIT BULL MIX 23 LBS  
Picked up on a stray by an animal control officer, April 18, 2014.  
Adopted.



#### FLOWER

TWO YEAR OLD FEMALE TERRIER AMERICAN PIT BULL MIX 40 LBS  
Picked up on a stray by an animal control officer, March 11, 2014.  
Available for adoption.



#### MELJIE

THREE YEAR OLD MALE PIT BULL AMERICAN BULL DOG MIX 17 LBS  
Picked up on a stray by an animal control officer, May 14, 2014.  
Adopted and named Snuggly.







**AFTER A GREAT FALL, WHAT DO WE REMEMBER? WE REMEMBER THE CHEATING, AND THE LIES. WE REMEMBER THE CULT OF PERSONALITY THAT WE EAGERLY EMBRACED, AND THEN FELT BETRAYED BY. BUT WHAT OF THE MAN WHO FELL? WHAT ABOUT THE WORK HE DIDN'T CHEAT AT? WHAT ABOUT THE 16 YEARS LANCE ARMSTRONG SPENT BUILDING A GLOBAL CANCER ADVOCACY? DID IT MATTER? DOES IT STILL? DOES IT MATTER THAT LIVESTRONG, THE FOUNDATION THAT KICKED HIM OUT, NOW WANTS HIM BACK? DO WE CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE GREAT WORK A MAN HAS DONE, AFTER A GREAT FALL?**

*Armstrong*  
May 16, 2014  
Austin













Day-to-night suit no. 1, a matching jacket-and-trouser set that transitions smoothly from afternoon to evening. 2, any of the nine suits seen here.

Photo: Justin Weid and Art: John (©) 2012 and cartoon art (©) 2012 by Garza & Co. Collection: 1000000 the (©) 2012 for Daily in America. Twitter shoes (©) 2012 by John Lobb.

# LONG DAY'S JOURNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
TURE LILJEORAVEN

FEATURING JASON CLARKE, ACTOS (ROOTHERWOOD, ZERO DARK THIRTY, THE NEW PLANET OF TRE APES), WEARING THE SEASON'S BEST SUITS, SUIT FOR LONG DAYS AND LONGER NIGHTS, IN THE HEART OF RESURGENT DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES



They work at work, and because they've got some texture (the slightest of shines, the woolliest of weaves), they work everywhere else, too.

• Three-button wool jacket (\$1,495) wool trousers (\$1,200) and silk shirt (\$195) by Prada; cotton shirt (\$175) by Polo Sport; leather shoes (\$1,400) by Christian



• Two-button wool suit (\$1,495) and wool shirt (\$175) by Prada; leather shoes (\$1,400) by Christian; cotton shirt (\$175) by Polo Sport; leather shoes (\$1,400) by Christian



ESSENCE: JENNIFER PETERSON; S&N: JENNIFER PETERSON; BENCH: JENNIFER PETERSON

• Case brother suit is a  
\$3,245 and comes with  
\$275 by Outfit 6.  
Gentlemen suit by \$2,950  
by F. Paul. Leather shoes  
\$270 by Chamon's.  
Thompson shirt on sale  
\$450 by Rag & Bone.



The more  
streamlined  
the silhouette  
(see: high arm-  
holes, notch  
lapels), the  
more mileage  
you'll get out  
of the suit.

• These features would  
suit \$1,100. Another  
\$100. \$100. \$100. \$100.  
\$100. \$100. \$100. \$100.  
\$100. \$100. \$100. \$100.  
\$100. \$100. \$100. \$100.  
\$100. \$100. \$100. \$100.





• *Three Inquiries* (1994) and  
• *Golden Stars* (2002)  
by Barbara Lebowitz  
with 16 (2-00) by  
Caleb Klein Collection,  
• *Another story* (2001)  
by O'Keefe's 1991  
(2002) by Paul Spaul  
Photographed in the  
last 1990s.



Opt for blue but make it a bright blue. Opt for gray but make it a rich gray. Just don't opt for colors and shades as usual.

• Two judges award only \$52,500 as a prize when \$100,000 by Swaco, with no \$25,000 by University of London. Another shows \$100,000 by Sally Hargreaves at U. A. Shapiro

...AND NOW FOR  
SOME WORDS WITH  
THE MAN IN THESE  
PICTURES

# JASON CLARKE

**ESQUIRE:** Your father was a sheep shearer?

**JACON CLARKE:** I was born in a place called Winton, which is way up in Queensland [Australia], and Dad was a heaver driving through towns. He got a fat rate and met my mother, and he decided to stay. Then I came along.

**ESQ:** What kind of sheep was he talking about?

**JC:** Everything, really. I'm not sure when they were, because it is so very tricky. We'd go around in a canyon from shed to shed for hours, many years.

**ESQ:** Did you learn to shear?

**JC:** I did learn to shear, yes.

**ESQ:** Hard work?

**JC:** One of the hardest jobs you can ever do, wringing runs to the ground, then backing and heeling back. The last time I worked with my father in the sheds I think I was maybe 10. At that point, my dad was getting older, so I'd go and pull the sheep out of the pen, bring it around, push it around, sit it on its ear. Then you rub its legs under your arms, and after a while a big run is in hand and its horns are sticking up around your face. Tough work, and I jobs about a week with Dad that he probably shorn more of the sheep that made a lot of the wool than I ever.

**ESQ:** You were quite a bit.

**JC:** I have a good work ethic, and I appreciate the fact that it's hard and they know where it comes from, and I know how it's bred. And it's built to last. It breathes and it feels good. A lot of my thinking and thinking goes in all work, because I can wear it for a week straight and it doesn't matter. And when you get behind on it, it's a real tough time, it's not worth it. So your body is important, it's a good work ethic rather than feeling your own off.

**ESQ:** Did you act as a kid?

**JC:** Later than a very, very small time. There were no other actors around. I remember when I was 10, I was in a shed with my dad. I'd go outside and the car's just nothing out there but these side of cars, four thousand sheep, and a lot of parking. And in my mind would just wonder about what else was out there. Then, when I was studying preliminary law at university, I'd find myself running around and going and stringing in a canyon, just the way of different worlds. That's when it started.

**ESQ:** You're flying low on news, and even after some earlier success on TV, with *Brotherhood of the Dingo* and *The Chicago Code*, and even bigger movies like *Zero Dark Thirty* and *Public Enemy*. There's a sense that you're still working for that high level.

**JC:** I remember the last job I had, apart from being news when *Robbie Ross* came out in Australia in 2002 and I was working as a news anchor's helper. The same news anchor (Clark) in a small role and I thought, I'll make a good living now. And it didn't work out that way. And even after *Big Public Enemy* [in 2009], I thought this would change everything. You think something, somebody will come in, I'll get some big TV jobs, but it never does. And I'm kind of happy that it has worked out for me. But that I've had to work very hard, dig deep, and find a way to make the life that I want to live.

**ESQ:** And have the kind of career that you want.

**JC:** That's one of the challenges of acting. You can't expect your job to be successful, but you've got to put your heart and



• Three bottles went into the suit (34-36/38) reversible. Custom-made shirt (34-36/38) by BOSS (34-36/38) (34-36/38) by Paul Smith Accessories

everything you have into it. Look at a guy like Tom Hanks, who is right or wrong, and he's just loving his work and you can see that in the work. That defines what type of actor you are. And what kind of people want to work with you. And whether you can do this job for a long, long time.

**ESQ:** *Down by the River* of the Aps is your biggest role, your biggest movie, and this might be it. It must've been a tricky job.

**JC:** It was tricky. We shot it in 3-D and doing most of the capture, and I've never experienced anything like it. Particularly when I was having a difficult or difficult scene and I just sit and what that's standing in for an eye. You're going off of your work with nobody there. You're working on nothing.

**ESQ:** You're playing John Connor in the *Terminator* reboot, which you're filming now. Is there going to be a lot of effect to carrying?

**JC:** Not so much. They're also going out of their way with *Terminator* to make it a lot of live action, so much so they can. The short sequences are full-on.

**ESQ:** And you're reuniting with Megan Ellison, who produced *Zero Dark Thirty* and partnered with her brother David to restart the franchise.

**JC:** They're kind of a new. The first release from Megan, which just got an integrity and enthusiasm, and I just had a feeling that they were going to do it right.

**ESQ:** You just wrapped *Everest*, which is based on the real-life Everest disaster in 1996. You play Rob Hall, a mountain guide who becomes famous thanks to *Into Thin Air*. Had you done much climbing prior to the movie?

**JC:** I had. I hadn't done the level of where we did on this film, but I went and trained in New Zealand. I did two climbs late last year and the very beginning of this year, some very intense mountain climbing with a guy called Guy Cotter, who was one of Rob's best friends. We also climbed a lot with Rob and we were there for the 10th anniversary.

**ESQ:** And for that work, you've had to wear some work.

**JC:** Absolutely. It's just work. It



• Two custom-made suits (34-36/38) reversible shirt (34-36/38) and shirt (34-36/38) by Giorgio Armani

• Two custom-made suits (34-36/38) reversible shirt (34-36/38) and shirt (34-36/38) by Giorgio Armani



# JIM HARRISON

[illegible]

*Mykiss* is a prize, juicy, conflict, and screwdriver who has devoted her life to the cause of the women of America, and the American education. She is a legend of the Red was first published in October, 1935.



© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 399–405



## The Greatest Story Never Told

Ten years ago, Benedict Fitzgerald's screenplay helped turn *The Passion of the Christ* into the most successful independent movie ever made.

Later, he wrote a follow-up script that he thought could be as big—and so did some drug dealers, money launderers, and kidnappers. Now, when biblical epics have once again become a thriving Hollywood business, this is the story of what happened to the mother of all sequels.

**Arturo Medrigal's cellphone** rings and he doesn't recognize the number, but he can see that it's coming from his hometown of Guadalajara, Mexico. It's May 22, 2002. He's in San Antonio, where he's been living part time for most of the past two decades, launching one start-up after another—used-car dealerships, restaurants

low-store enterprises, rental properties. He (like) is that once you know how to manage one sort of business, the skills are basically transferable. Case in point: Arturo is, essentially, through a complicated series of events, assigned the rights to a film script written by a notable American screenwriter. It's potentially a very valuable script.

**By Luke Dittrich**

POSTER BY JAMES VICTORE

AUGUST 2014 • *ESQUIRE* 87



was an immediate success, which made him uniquely suitable for leading the son of God.

How could Fitzgerald follow up the huge success of the Passion of the Christ? He would write a prequel.

*Myrmin, Mother of the Christ.*  
An uneducated woman coming of age in a sinful world, fleeing her home with her husband and her baby, shielding the child from brutal lustiness and a jealous king to make for a great story. Maybe it would make for a great movie, too.

Fitzgerald's intentions were not so innocuous, of course. It was very much a religious missionary. After 2004 the name of the project, his decision to call her Myrmin, which is the original Hebrew version of Jesus' mother's name, had a certain noble intention behind it. For one thing, it is the name by which the Koran refers to her. The Prophet Muhammad actually placed Myrmin above his own daughter, Fatima, making Myrmin a shared object of worship between two religions, Islam and Christianity, that historically have both been finding much common ground. Add to that the fact that Myrmin was basically the ultimate nice Jewish girl, and Fitzgerald thought that a movie about her, if it were successful at the time he had just written about Jesus, might actually do some good at forging bonds among the three major monotheistic religions. This was maybe naive, but it wasn't uncharitable. Likewise, Fitzgerald planned to allocate a portion of the eventual profits of the film to fund the Latin Sisters of the Poor, a group of nuns who care for the needy elderly around the world.

If everything went well, he stood to make a great deal of money, and maybe even do a little good while he was at it.

His love story did not go well.

His love story took a little longer to mature.

"A lot of bad people got involved," he says. "A lot of very dangerous people."

## THE MEXICANS

▶ Around Madrigal's writing table jacket and a cardboard folder with photos on it sat the hard cut of the copycat mugshot where we saw him. He said he wasn't cut off. He's got short, thick dark hair, a beard, a nose ring, and a smile that doesn't really carry weight because of the stress of nervousness about his next job.

"I don't trust nobody," he says.

He puts his phone on the table. It's in a red-and-black case with a Texas home logo on it, and he picked black case over the blue for the love and sex scenes, so the lines can't pick up any light at all. This is to keep the DEA agents he suspects are listening in on his phone conversations from being able to see him. It's the day before Christmas Eve, 2004, and most of his family is down in Mexico, and if things were normal, he would be down there with them,



**MY MEXICO**  
On the set of *Passion of the Christ* in 2004, after Fitzgerald's success with *The Passion of the Christ*, he was in Mexico for a while, and he was in Mexico for a while.

but things haven't been normal for a long time, ever since the drug war took over.

The Madrigal thing with the movie began on May 16, 2006, in a Tex-Mex restaurant on the north side of San Antonio, where he and others either were or were to be. They were a meeting.

The first person in the room was Myrmin's daughter, Gina. He had a thing for Gina since he and his wife had a son, he was from Guadalajara, Mexico, though now he divides his time between the red and San Antonio, El Paso, and he's on his family's private jet. This father was a prominent real-estate developer, and the family had long been managed by the U.S. Justice Department of being actively involved in laundering drug money for the Guadalajara cartel, though the suspicion had never led to formal charges. In recent years, Sanchez-Garcia had become the business for his father's growing business interests north of the border.

The greatest man in the room was Arturo Madrigal, the central businessman who was also from Guadalajara. Recently many of his business interests had been made in partnership with Sanchez-Garcia.

The most cheerful man in the room was Jorge Berthelme. He was the former husband of a Mexican pop star, Rosita Espinoza, and had a lot of friends in the entertainment business on both sides of the border. One of them had made the introductions that made this meeting happen.

And the most helpful man in the room was Benjamen Fitzgerald. This meeting was the culmination of his two-year-long struggle to secure financing for his prequel to the *Passion of the Christ*. Until the first film, he was trying to hold the reins on his own and to keep more of the rewards if it became a success. He didn't pretend to be an expert at the movie business, but he trusted his longtime lawyer, who had agreed to help Berthelme get the film made in return for a 50 percent stake. His lawyer had introduced Fitzgerald to Berthelme, and Berthelme's friend had introduced the man to Sanchez-Garcia and Madrigal. Fitzgerald was a little bit about the scene of the Mexican world, but he didn't wonder too much.

The last of the men eventually went to Sanchez-Garcia's large house on an upscale gated community called the Zona Rosa,

where they gathered around a computer and became religious. They were "men of prayer." The man was Sanchez-Garcia, and Sanchez-Garcia's company, Myrmin Inc., was Fitzgerald's company. Myrmin LLC included a number of bullet points. Fitzgerald had a nagging feeling that he should have insisted his lawyer come along on this trip to review the one man before he signed anything. But he kept coming back to the fourth bullet point.

4. Myrmin Inc. will hereby guarantee that within 120 days... it will raise the full budget financing for *Myrmin, Mother of the Christ*, which may not cost more than \$10,000,000 (ten million dollars).

Then could he say no?

He signed.

**Madrigal won't say today** whether he and Sanchez-Garcia were already intending to withdraw the script away from Fitzgerald. But within five weeks of signing the memo, he and Sanchez-Garcia filed a lawsuit against Fitzgerald in the Superior Court of California. The complaint was twenty-nine pages long and alleged a variety of transgressions, including fraud, breach of a verbal contract, and breach of duty to negotiate in good faith. The crux of the complaint was that Fitzgerald, after using his name, had requested and received a bank order to secure Calixto Durand, the attorney-in-chief of the *Passion of the Christ*, as the lawyer of Myrmin, and then did not return these services. The complaint said that before he signed to fund that Myrmin LLC return all the money it had received from Myrmin Inc. — \$100,000 in that point — along with any "track other and other" that he had as the court may deem proper.

The case would drag on for two years. In the end, although there was no explicit proof of fraud, the lawsuit itself was concrete proof of a failed partnership, and under for Myrmin Inc. and Myrmin LLC to be able to continue the business from the rubble, since the lawsuit would need to be cleared up. Specifically, the \$100,000 was likely to be returned.

The problem was that the money no longer existed. It had disappeared in various directions. A \$100,000 payment had been made to pay the lawyer, suppose that the bank had been sent to local locations in Israel, Spain, and Morocco, a former *Desperate Housewives* producer had been hired to draft a complex production budget, and preliminary attempts had been made to secure various cast and crew. And most of the rest, immediately or eventually, had gone to him paying the lawyer fees to defend the case.

Fitzgerald did not have the money to pay what he owed, that he did have something valuable. In late May 2004, after several sessions of court-ordered mediation, Fitzgerald agreed

to sign over to Myrmin Inc. all rights to the script for *Myrmin, Mother of the Christ*.

**During the limbo of their slow-winding lawsuit**, Madrigal and Sanchez-Garcia had plenty of time to discuss their plans for the movie. There was something great, they both agreed, about the fact that their first venture into Hollywood wouldn't be just some action flick or comedy. As Madrigal, as Carlos Morales, this was the sort of project — a movie about *Myrmin, Mother of the Christ* — that could make their own members proud.

But by the time the lawsuit was nearing its end, things had changed. Sanchez-Garcia no longer was so keen to go through the delays. He didn't see that accommodations making a movie. He didn't see a potential buyer. He didn't see a buyer, who was a friend about a small-scale deal for the script. He thought that as soon as the script was in their hands, they should at least let it for as much as they could, and the rights, and move on. Madrigal, on the other hand, wanted to keep the script and actually make the movie. The two argued, but it soon became clear that the two were not going to agree either one of them.

On May 23, 2006, about the same time that Fitzgerald agreed to give up rights to Myrmin, Sanchez-Garcia phoned Madrigal and requested physical rights to himself to finish the deal. In fact, signs over his portion of the screenplay. Madrigal didn't. Two days later, on the afternoon of May 23, 2006, Madrigal picked up the phone and heard his pregnant brother's tight and barely voice on the other end of the line.

His brother eventually passed the phone over to his kidnappers, who instructed Madrigal to fix them a formal letter relinquishing the rights to Myrmin, Mother of the Christ to come be the never heard of named Jorge Vazquez Sanchez. Madrigal sat down and wrote the letter, then went to a bank's to fix it. He remembered the fear and anger he felt standing at the counter, waiting until the little receipt came back verifying that the fix had gone through.

## MARY ALOE

▶ When she answers the phone at her office in Beverly Hills, Mary Aloe is talking as if she's already in the middle of another conversation, or a series of them. Kindly enough to interrupt herself, then she gets distracted by another caller and puts me on hold.

Our conversation goes on like that for a while, with Aloe

**Aloe says she was blindsided by all the kidnapping and cartel stuff. "You don't go out and purchase a religious script thinking that you're going to have Scarface show up," she says.**

quick, light, confounding cinema, making no forward progress for nearly 40 minutes before we even see the movie. I'm working on a story about what happened to the screenplay of *Heavenly Creatures* originally proposed to *The Usual Suspects*.

Mary Alope is the producer who, three weeks after *Christy*'s brother was released by his kidnappers, agreed to purchase the screenplay from Mauricio Sanchez Garcia and Jorge Vazquez Sanchez. She paid them \$1 million along with two points on the gross.

Alope puts me on hold again, and when she comes back to the phone, she's answered to push in her answering machine. The record there obviously starts talking to me that I shouldn't waste my time on the story. It's recent history, she says.

I tell her that I don't have the fact that a story happened in the recent past makes it any less of a story.

Alope explains that anyone's got to catch a plane to London

and that we'll have to talk at another time. And she's in a pose. I try to get as much info as I can while she's on hold. She had been involved in the project shortly after one such a thought: receive an e-mail from her brother-in-law (sister) that my reporting "CREAKS AND DESERTS."

Over the next few weeks, we make several different interview appointments, and she comes each at the last minute. Finally, we connect and are able to talk. But first the watercooler chat thing absolutely clear: he wasn't part of the *Christy* film, had nothing to do with the kidnapping, and was blindsided by it all at once. "You don't go out and purchase a religious script thinking that you're going to have heartless show-ups," she says.

**Mary Alope is forty-five now.** Her career in entertainment began when she left the University of Southern California in the late 1980s and began writing for magazines, including *TV Weekly*. She soon left print journalism to work as an associate producer for Gerardo Rivera, gathering skills that she eventually put to use producing projects on her own. She executive-produced her first movie in 2000: *The Princess and the Marine*, about a romance between a Bolivian Marine and an Argentine Marine—followed up with an eclectic string of pictures such as *Numb*, a 1999 romantic comedy with Matthew Perry, and *Band in Berlin*, a dramatization of the 1999 WTO protests. None of them had more than average theatrical releases. It wasn't until she wrote the screenplay for *Heavenly Creatures* that she heard that the rights to the project to the most successful independent film of all time were on the market.

She recalls that her first meeting with Mauricio Sanchez Garcia and Jorge Vazquez Sanchez took place in a dark suite at the Wynn Hotel in Las Vegas. Vazquez Sanchez never spoke, at least not in English. Sanchez Garcia, however, chimed in. She remembers him pushing about as if he knew about his words and hints. She was under the impression that he was some sort of real estate magnate. She was entirely underwhelmed how he and his partner associate would use intellectual property rights, she says, but it was only in that they were looking to make a deal.

Alope returned to Los Angeles and Wynn's night-night attorney to research the provenance of the script, and after three and a half months of due diligence he came back and said she was clear. Alope had a second meeting with Sanchez Garcia, this time by a fireplace in the lobby of the Peninsula Hotel in Beverly Hills. She made the deal.

**One of the first things Alope did** after securing the rights was to change the name from *Mary, Mother of the Christ* story, author of *Christy*.

**MILK ROOM**  
Sipping on a hot chocolate, producer of Mary, Mother of the Christ, Alope is surrounded by the chaos of a million of women all her collection history.

**MARY ALOPE**  
After you pay the \$1 million for the script, she had to produce it. "I'm not!" She said over with a new script, which she called "High school drama, high school drama." She said.



The United States government seized a 9mm Glock, a Bombardier jet, a variety of real estate around San Antonio, and the rights to 10 percent of the future profits of *Mary, Mother of Christ*.

Mary Alope's name is familiar.

There she dug into the story.

Wynne's wife thought the story was neither interesting, and his notion seemed—like the scenes depicting Myra and Vazquez Sanchez's brother's past about the Roman legionnaires storming in to kill all the newborns—were punctuated by recurring verbal sparring between the Archbishop and the fellow angel. Alope, on the other hand, envisioned the film as a young love adventure story with a religious summary of the project, she described the film as "a love-triangle clock, high-action drama, high-tension, youth-based script."

She also, unlike Fitzgerald, thought that the movie needs a movie stars. Several big names emerged in casting possibilities. At first it was Harriet Potter O'Connell as Myra and John—than John Vazquez as Leguizamo and Gilmore. John Gilmore as Kili (the IV). The financing agreements she discussed included stipulations regarding the licensing of "action figures and other promotional merchandise" related to the film.

She brokered a deal with Joel Osteen, the most famous of American mega-pastors, to add to it as an executive producer. She admits she was focused a lot, but she was too much on marketing and advertising as these days. People who spoke with her both then and now said that she thought the film might not be much of a hit in the end.

So it's easy to imagine what it felt like for Alope in 2001, in the thick of production, when people of DNA began to find their badges again, find out photographs of Mauricio Sanchez Garcia and Jorge Vazquez Sanchez, and started asking questions.

## THE MEXICANS

After his brother was kidnapped, Arturo Madrid did something he knows his sister Sanchez Garcia never expected him to do. He went to the cops. Madrid didn't want to wait until exactly what happened next. But a 2004 DEA warrant to search Sanchez Garcia's home shows things pretty clear: The warrant listed an information provided by a confidential informant, identified only as GSI, who according to court documents "is a contact of a numerous confidentially maintained and recorded conversations with targets of the current action." Although the informant is not identified by name, the document notes that "Mauricio Sanchez Garcia and Jorge Vazquez Sanchez, through the Sanchez family's legal representation, entered the rights to a movie centered, *Mary Mother of Christ*, also referred to as *Mary, Mother of Christ*. From GSI, a business partner of Mauricio Sanchez Garcia, Madrid's brother-in-law, entered the GSI by acquiring the kidnapping of his child, claiming to kill the GSI's brother." The warrant also notes that GSI "has been a confidential source for the DEA since 2000" when the kidnapping took place.

The investigation eventually led to a wide-ranging federal indictment as 2000 against both men, charging them with extortion and funneling millions of dollars in cash—sourced drug money into businesses and properties around San Antonio, in the wake of the indictment. Mauricio Sanchez Garcia fled the country in 2001 and is still at large.

Jorge Vazquez Sanchez pleaded guilty and received a seven-year federal sentence the extortion. That sentence was interrupted, for reasons that are unclear, to four years.



**THE POSTER**  
An early poster for the movie, which Alope called out when she brought Fitzgerald's script to the studio. She said that she had to meet with her to see the poster.

The United States government also seized various possessions belonging to the two men: a Habitat 66, a Bug Boat, a car, a watch, a team of horses, a team of horses, a variety of real estate around San Antonio and the rights to 30 percent of the future profits of *Mary, Mother of Christ*.

The gene research and the Hollywood spectacle, however, was short-lived. Madrid quickly filed a lawsuit arguing that the government's stake in the film rightfully belonged to him, since it had been legally entered. On April 15, 2003, a judge agreed and ordered the rights transferred back to him.

Today, Madrid worries about what Jorge Vazquez Sanchez might do when he gets out of prison that year, just like he seems to have done the DEA begins to top past phase, they never stop. But he says he doesn't regret anything. When Madrid recalls the last telephone conversation he ever had with Mauricio Sanchez Garcia, after all the money between them had been dropped, he smiles broadly at the memory of the last words he ever uttered to his former business partner: "Christy is coming," he said.

## MARY ALOPE

It's hard to get a movie made under the best of circumstances, and Fitzgerald accepted because he was, possibly, possibly made. Alope resigned herself to the idea that it could never be made. This meant an opportunity to come to terms with the fact that she had thrown herself into the project, had given it everything she had, and now was left in the process of making it all. For a while, she withdrew. Then she decided to start over.

# Fitzgerald coughed at the deposition. Gibson turned to Fitzgerald's attorney. "Could you please ask your client to refrain from making noises while I talk," he said. "Ask him to act like a man, please."

from scratch. She recruited a former *Seinfeld* news anchor named Richard Minkoff, and together they wrote what they say was a carefully new script about the Virgin Mary and Jesus reasons as an executive producer, and he is expected to help market the film to his millions of followers. *New Alice* was the process of pulling together a new cast and crew. She has signed on *Lawrence* to direct the film (the *get* inside she says she has loved investors and that the film is currently in pre-production. She's even got a poster, a tagline—"You Will Believe"—and is hoped for a release date Easter 2012.

She also says she wishes I weren't writing this article, like we men that drawing attention to what happened to Benedict Fitzgerald's script was not to be taken as a proper or good. And she wants me to know that she and I, the president one day overlooking in favor of the really one about creation and heavenly agency, is the story of how she and her team pulled up the pieces and forged ahead. Like her, Alice considers herself in every way reborn. "When I first got involved, it was more about finding out money and all of that," she says. "I had to find my own faith, and because a better person."

Along everyone I've spoken with about Alice has described her as being aggressive, abrasive, a gut ball. And nobody I've spoken to really believes Alice knew that the men she got involved in script was more religious and money-making. And by the end of the interview, she has left that script behind. In any case, one key element of the original project had definitely changed: After replacing Myrion, Miller after Christ with Mary, Mother of Christ, Alice had decided to shorten the title even further.

Now it's just called *Mary*.

## BENEDICT FITZGERALD

► The last 16 years have been up and down for Fitzgerald.

After losing the rights to Myrion, he found himself in the same shaky financial situation as before, only worse. In 2006, he and Al Gibson, although they had both paid in cash for the film, was due for the *Passion of the Christ*. Gibson was ordered to sign a deposition in that case, and when he showed up, he walked in the way of his own witness and most successful film.

"They're," he said. "It's been a long time."

Then, just as the deposition was getting under way, Fitzgerald coughed. Gibson turned to Fitzgerald's attorney.

"Could you please ask your client to refrain from making noises while I talk," he said. "Ask him to act like a man, please."

Fitzgerald's lawyer questioned Gibson for two and a half hours. The conversation was a curious mix of rudeness about a subpoenaed copyright lawsuit. "I don't want," Gibson said at one point, before concluding with the words "I don't want."

He served credit as a co-executive producer on the project. "I was my voice," he said. "It's my film. I made it. It changed in a lot of ways. It would change, and then I would say, 'A little later he said that 'anyway one type here.' When Fitzgerald's attorney produced a draft of the screenplay for *The Passion of the Christ* and asked Gibson to indicate how it differed from Fitzgerald's first draft, Gibson said he couldn't recall.

"I've written a lot of scripts since then," Gibson said. "I don't know. One of us is prolific."

"Did like the second to reflect," Fitzgerald's attorney said. "But the witness, in a lot of ways, just a simple script across the table."

The deposition continued for a while longer, but during the final round, Fitzgerald did tell the story and didn't go back. In 2009, he said Gibson said. The terms were not disclosed, but the fact that Fitzgerald filed for bankruptcy in September 2010 probably tells you everything you need to know about how much he recovered.

Today, Fitzgerald says he's trying to put it all behind him. He doesn't have as much in Mary Alice's project, like years to move on.

One change Gibson would definitely want about Fitzgerald has been profit. His witness was a real-life screenplay executive. He has been told about that, but he has not signed writing. He recently drafted a new script. Like his first-ever script, this one is an adaptation of another one of his former baby stars' movies, perhaps his greatest, *My Good Man Is Hard to Find*. "It's a story about a powerful American family and their race is interrupted by a serial killer. The screenplay is dark and brutal and sometimes even scary. Through the story is the period of time that end in a way that for some goodness, and that sometimes both are sides of the same coin. He thinks it might be the best thing he's ever written."

He enjoyed writing about Myrion, and her son, too, but one of the challenges of being a parent is that they were pure, so perfect, so immaculate. Still, he feels that that whole rough project has been on his brought him closer to his faith, and to what he sees as the meaning of hope and forgiveness.

During the last few minutes of our meeting, Fitzgerald tells me about his own project, *Liberator: Robert*. Fitzgerald the former post-graduate of the United States, was also a musician, and he moved from his first story of *Liberator's* Odyssey. Benedict and his siblings own the rights to it. It'd be like to transform a screenplay, as a musical score. He thinks he can breathe new life into his father's words. He believes that he understands the trials of Odyssey as a novel he never did before.

He also believes he knows the perfect person to direct it. He'd like to try to get a script with Mel Gibson. It



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## THIS WAY OUT

## RECENT OBITS

BY A. J. JACOBS

### A LITTLE PART OF ME, 46, DIES

A LITTLE PART OF ME died Sunday when I read an article about the marvelous decline of Whodunnit, a magazine described as "mystery for dogs." It followed the recent death of another little part of me which lived on words among the word community.

### Mystery, 11,000

AN ANCIENT PRINCIPLE, born of the belief that some parts of an individual's existence should remain inaccessible to others. Mystery died Thursday.

The cause was Philip Whedon's act of the recent sharing features of his iPhone app "Dead Master Pro" with friends of his latest defunctate. He said his loved government to "benny."

Mystery grew upon the Victorian Period and over the founding of civilization, when humans developed the sense of privacy. The invention, people believed that publishing information about one's existence, emotion, and self were not only plain but also unbecoming to others.

Mystery grew into the hundreds of publications, such as "mystery," "mystery stories," and "mystery and mystery stories." In its height, in 19th-century Britain, many people were aware that their partners received it all.

But Mystery had been invisible for decades, due to a powerful combination of Oprah, blogs, and online photos. It was revived by Facebooking Dated.

### "TOO SOON," 12,041, IS DEAD

"TOO SOON," THE IDEA that a respectable amount of time should pass between a tragic event and becoming an internet hot date event, died January 6.

The cause was the writing of the Daily Southern job by Denver media columnist Furrow 21 months after the Associated Press published Philip "Phil" Jewell's obituary column.

"Anyone know which one died? I bet the one who's still alive is as dead too." Hey, guys, remind me—was I Doctor Phil?

From 12,000 years ago, when humans developed the social norms of compassion and decorum, The Soon helped comfort confused people from making online comments for days, even years after a painful occurrence.

In the height of its influence, The Soon caused the first joke about Poeper to be delayed for five months after the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. In the early 20th century, Americans wanted their writers after President William McKinley was assassinated before Staff's headmaster John Dewey made a pun involving the "Daguer Type!"

Too soon, was known as "Tragically plus time equals comedy" is caused by "Tragically plus time to type in some half-second joke equals comedy."

### Voicemail, 35

A TRAILBLAZING communications system that allowed telephone users to record a spoken message. Voicemail died Thursday. It was 35 years old.

Natural. Mail boxes in previous health for years, but the immediate cause of death was a message from Master General of Anshok, Calhoun, in last season. "Hi, Alex. Just wanted to clarify—I want pants, not sweet potatoes. Tuna. A lot of people think they're the same thing, but they're really quite different. Okay there's all. A half dozen should be fine. Thanks!" The recipient was deleted following the words "Hi, Alex."

There, in 1979, Voicemail proved exceedingly useful and popular for several decades, allowing users to leave messages about missing items, birthday deals, and whether or not their children's thoughts were.

But in the age of texting and e-mail, voicemail began to lose its way with those under the age of 70. As 10-year-old media analyst Adam Schmeidler explains, "Who the hell's got time to listen to voicemail?"

It is survived by Twitter messages.

### MY URGE TO MASTURBATE DIED AT 32

MY URGE TO MASTURBATE died Tuesday on my living-room couch. It was 32 years old.

The cause is that I am "declining re-assured and would rather watch The Mindy Project on Hulu," according to me.

Born in the shower of my parents' apartment, My Urge to Masturbate had a very special birthday five times. In its great most of its time in the United States but also involved overseas with me and accompanied widely with such people as pillows, wood sticks, and various types of water- and oil-based lubricants, including an occasional oral experiment with liquid Pepsi-Bev.

My Urge to Masturbate had been at declining health for five years due to a variety of factors, including the thought of waking up early to take the kids to school and the hassle of eating between lectures.

My Urge to Masturbate had a final surprise three weeks ago when I watched Adam Carlin's new episode of *True Blood*, but went into hospice mode when it is survived by my urge to nap.

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